

THE

Temple of *Venus*.

A

POEM.

---

In Five CANTOS.

---

By WILLIAM SELBEY, *Esq;*

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Temple of Newton

P O E M

IN TWO CANTOS

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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1797



THE  
*Temple of VENUS.*

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CANTO I.

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A Y, *Maija's* Son, by whose  
intriguing Aid,  
*Amphitryon's* Wife met *Jove*  
in Masquerade,  
Whence Moderns have at-  
tain'd such pow'rful Art,  
To lure the wise, and please  
the chastest Heart.

GROWN old in Pleasures which she long enjoy'd,  
*Sempronia* all her Wit and Thoughts employ'd,

A 2

How

4      *The Temple of Venus.*

How to revive her Charms, and Bliss attain;  
Tho' fled her Beauty, her Desires remain.  
Anxious, on various Schemes she turn'd her  
Mind,

Yet to her Grief she no Redress could find,  
When Age deforms the Parts we most adore,  
The Mortal then is Idoliz'd no more!  
No more their Adoration Lovers pay!  
*Cupid* retracts his Darts when Charms de-  
cay;

Now are they shot no more from *P—k—y's*  
Eyes,

Nor dapper *L—y* for *F—ig—r* dies;  
*I—r—y* to Porters now must have Recourse,  
And even witty *M—* to them, or worse.

In vain to Op'ras, Plays, Assemblies, Court,  
Matrons, with Age decay'd, for Bliss re-  
sort.

Unhurt the Eye may view a dying Blaze,  
On setting Lustre we securely gaze.

Such racking Thoughts *Sempronia* now op-  
prest,  
(For oft such Thoughts sat brooding in her  
Breast)

Nor *Citron* Water could her Cares appease,  
Nor even *Laudanum* afford her Ease;  
By whose Assistance, long she sought to close  
Her Eyes (so killing once) with soft Repose.

While



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While Slumber to her Ease Despair denies,  
Distracted, raging, and alone she lies;  
Her wonted Joys present themselves to View,  
But wonted Joys her Troubles still renew.  
So when an antique Beau his Face surveys,  
He calls to mind the Bloom of former  
Days,

Meagre Decay upbraids his gazing Eyes,  
Fresh Grief to former Wrinkles adds Sup-  
plies.

What Remedy is left but from above?  
The last Resort of Wretches is to *Jove*!  
When Barristers are grown too old to cheat,  
They willingly of Justice mount the Seat,  
States-men, in Business foil'd, become de-  
vout,

And Aldermen grow godly with the Gout;  
Nay, dying Misers, when no more 'tis given  
On Earth to hope, build Hospitals for Hea-  
ven.

This well she knew, instructed in each Art,  
Which Plays, *Spectators*, *Tutlers*, could im-  
part,  
And thus to Beauty's Queen disclos'd her  
Heart.

THOU, who to *Amathus*, th' *Idalian* Bow'r,  
*Paphos*, *Cythera's* Isle, extend'lt thy Pow'r,

## 6      *The Temple of Venus.*

Let *Britain* happy in thy Influence prove,  
And let our Island be the Land of Love;  
In bright *Augusta* be a Temple rais'd,  
Where thy great Name shall in our Acts be  
    prais'd.  
In me an old and faithful Vot'ry see;  
Think of my former Deeds, and pity me.

*The End of the First CANTO.*



T H E



T H E

# Temple of VENUS.

## CANTO II.



OW *Venus*, mindful of *Sempronia's*

Pray'r,

To her Relief came sitting thro' the  
Air,

Till o'er *Britannia's* spacious Isle she came,  
Whose Empire, Ocean bounds, but Heav'n her  
Fame.

Here, in the great Metropolis she stay'd,  
The Seat of Empire, and the Source of Trade.

FIRST



FIRST flew the Goddess to a stately Pile  
 At once, the Bane, and Glory, of our Life;  
 Where diff'rent Nations meet to vend their  
 Wares,  
 Improve their Fortunes, and increase their Cares;  
 And here, with Wonder often we behold,  
 Our Peers, and garter'd Knights, for Sake of  
 Gold  
 Turn Brokers; and forgetting Rank and Fame,  
 Thus shew the trading Race from whence they  
 came.

AND next the Goddess with an airy Flight,  
 Reach'd a great Building of stupendous Height,†  
 Rais'd with Proportion, Majesty, and Art,  
 With all the Charms *Palladio's* Rules impart.

THEN Beauty's Goddess from the Fane with-  
 drew,  
 And to a Place ¶ more throng'd, less sacred  
 flew.  
 There she beheld, with secret Grief, the Street,  
 Where the poor Vot'ries, of her Godhead meet,

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\* *The Exchange.* † *St. Paul's Church.*  
 ¶ *The Theatre in Drury-Lane.*

Some,



## The Temple of Venus

9

Some, who but now, in Chariots shone so fine,  
Plying for Bread, or batt'ring Joys for Wine;  
Whilst others, who sold Oranges of late,  
(Such is the lov'd Inconstancy of Fate)  
Are clad in rich Brocade, and serv'd in Plate.

AND next the Queen of Love approach'd the  
Court,  
Where some for Wealth, and some for Pow'r  
resort,  
Few for their Country or their Monarch's Cause,  
Tho\* all pretend his Honour, and her Laws.  
Here, soon as *Hesperus* resumes his Post,  
Of beauteous Nymphs attend a num'rous Host;  
The *Helens* of the Age, bright, sparkle here,  
Like dazzling Comets in the Hemisphere.  
With mildest Aspect to *Britannia's* Isle:  
And who can be unhappy when they smile?  
*Boston*, for ever young, we still admire,  
And blooming *Dover* sets the World on Fire:  
There see fair *Annandale* her Charms display,  
With *Fane* resistless as the God of Day:  
Whilst all the Vestals of the Royal Train,  
Sport it like *Naiads* in the Azure Main.

NIGH lives \**Tegellius*, whom the Fair ad-  
mire,  
Himself an Antidote to soft Desire;

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\* Heidegger.

Yet

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Yet with peculiar Talent he can charm,  
The Beaus with Play, the Belles by Musick  
warm;

Alike to Strings and Cards he Motion gives,  
By those he pleases, and by these he lives :  
To him, the Goddess, Parent of Mankind,  
Her Deity in Human Shape confin'd,  
Whilst balmy Sleep his hideous Eyelids prest,  
Appear'd in Form a Nymph, and thus address'd.

" Mortal, to whom my Votaries resort,  
" And in bright Circles throng the spacious  
Court,

" Thee have I chosen first of all the Train,

" Who own my Empire, bear my *Cupid's* Chain,

" To dedicate a Temple to my Pow'r,

" Where Kings shall bow, and Princesses adore;

" Where, as in *Paphos*, *Venus* shall be known,

" And, as in *Cyprus*, here ascend a Throne.

" Haste now, to *Hermes'* Temple bend your  
Way,

" (Call'd *White's* by Mortals) where, intent  
on Play,

" Fops throw their Money and their Time  
away;

" Till fleec'd at length, unwilling they retire,

" Curse their ill Fate, and Want of Sense ad-  
mire,

" Repeating Curses, Oaths, and Vows in vain,

" For soon as Gold returns, they'll play again.

" Here

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- " Here seek out \* *Nevius*, and to him declare,  
" My Heav'nly Will, and He'll your Labours  
    share,  
" Let him (in Arts and Sciences so skill'd)  
" Employ his Fancy, and his Schemes to build  
" A Temple to my Pow'r, like *Bleinheim*  
    fram'd,  
" Great as his Learning, as his Virtue fam'd!  
" To Heav'n aspiring he the Roof must rear,  
" And Doves and Cupids must emblazon  
    there,  
" These are the Arms which *Venus*' Champi-  
    ons bear.

- " My Vot'ries, to no formal Garb confin'd,  
" May suit the various Habits of their Mind;  
" For Wit and Humour by our Dress is seen,  
" As Wisdom is discover'd by the Mien:  
" But lest dire Jealousy his Thoughts employ,  
" (Conscious of Weakness) to disturb my Joy,  
" Or some proud Nymph, with Charms super-  
    rior blest,  
" Monopolize the Bliss of all the rest,  
" Know I ordain—See you my Will obey'd—  
" That ev'ry Matron, ev'ry blooming Maid,  
" Alike their Beauties and their Faults conceal,  
" Disguise their Persons, Love alone reveal.

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\* *Sir John Vanbrugh.*

" Thus



112 **The Temple of Venus.**

" Thus unmolested ev'ry Nymph may find  
 " A willing pleasing Lover to her Mind.

This said, the Goddess to his Sight was lost,  
 As from *Aeneas* once on *Africk's* Coast;  
 Around her as She went her Tresses spread  
 Ambrosial Odours from her golden Head;  
 Her rosy Neck appear'd, and flowing Vest,  
 Her Mien Divine the Deity confess.

**The End of the Second CANTO.**







THE  
*Temple of VENUS.*

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CANTO III.

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E A N Time *Aurora* leaves *Ti-*  
*thonus'* Bed,  
*Apollo's* Beams adorn the East  
with red ;  
*Canidia* from her nightly Task  
retires,  
And deep-mouth'd Beagles rouse their sleepy  
Squires ;  
Coachmen resume their Stand at *Temple Gate* ;  
And *Nevins*, reeling Home, repin'd at Fate,  
B From

# 14      *The Temple of Venus.*

From *Hermes'* Fane the drunken Poet came,  
Curfing ill Stars, tho' he himself's to blame.  
In that known Street where loaded Carts re-  
pair,

Swains sell their Hay, and Nymphs their fragrant  
Ware,

There stands a Dome on spacious Arches rear'd,  
By Belles frequented, and by Beaus rever'd ;  
Here this judicious Audience often meet,  
Sound they prefer to Sense, and Songs to  
Wit,

Whilst jingling Nonsense makes the Scene  
compleat.

Thither He went to sooth his anxious Thought,  
With Sight of Wonders which himself had  
wrought ;

Not skilful Children, when with Cards they  
raise

A tow'ring Building, with more Pleasure gaze ;  
Admire it's Structure, and observe with Joy,  
The loud Applause of each surrounding Boy.

Hasting with Speed, impatient to review,

The inner Beauties, which He only knew,

Forms unperceiv'd before to Sight arise,

And Objects, more than Human, strike his Eyes ;

Aw'd by a Deity for once, he spread

His artful Hands, bowing his learned Head,

And, grown devout by Terror, thus He  
said. \*

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\* See Swift's *Miscellanies.*

O!

## The Temple of Venus.

15

O! heav'nly Being, for of human Race,  
None e'er appear with such celestial Grace,  
Whoe'er thou art, if Cloud-compelling Jove,  
The Deity of Musick, Wit, or Love,  
Declare, propitious God, what sacred Pow'r  
I here survey, and whom I now adore.

SMILING—the God—to *Majin's* Son  
you bow,  
To whom all Arts and Sciences you owe:  
My Aid, unsought, Mortals in vain pretend  
In any Art or Science to transcend;  
Hence *Dennis*, and such *Zoili's*, accurst,  
*Damn the best Poems, and contrive the worst,\**  
*P*—t to Wit and Eloquence aspires,  
And mimic *Gibber* to Poetick Fires;  
So *C*—y for *Common Sense* contends,  
And *Balaam's* Ass still brays at Foes and  
Friends,  
*E*—n, who *Wren's* great Place supply'd  
in vain,  
Presum'd to mend the awful *Senate's* Fane,  
And had not Gods, who stopp'd th' impending  
Blow,  
Of Treason once preserv'd from Folly too,

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\* POPE.

B 2

Those



16      *The Temple of Venus.*

Those sacred Walls they'd witness now no  
more

*Ist—ay's* great Judgment, and persuasive Pow'r,  
Who skill'd no less in Building than in Laws,  
In both, with slightest View, discerns the  
Flaws:

Not with like Science Palaces you raise,  
Draw Plans, emblazon Coats, or scribble Plays,  
Tho' the Professor of these several Arts,  
Approv'd by *Dutcheffes* for Wit and Parts,  
You're ne'er applauded by the learned Tribe,  
Whom not Her Grace's Patronage could bribe  
To own you read in Heraldry, or skill'd  
In Arts of Poetry, or Rules to build;  
But if from me devoutly you implore  
Those Arts, you now assume without my  
Pow'r;

Then shall your Fame like *Wren's* or *Anstis'*  
rise,  
Or like harmonious *Prior's* reach the Skies.

THEN thus great *Nævius*——with obsequious  
Bow——

O Messenger of *Jove*! May Mortals know  
The Springs and Motives of this great Design,  
What Cause so great to claim your Art Di-  
vine?

When thus the Verger, who the Ghost con-  
trouls,  
And drives to *Pluto's* Realms their stubborn  
Souls,

What



*The Temple of Venus.* 17

What Cause, O *Nevius*, but all pow'rful  
Love!

That makes Immortals quit their Seats above?  
This little God commands Almighty *Jove*.  
How oft the Thund'rer has for Him alone,  
Left high *Olympus*, and his heav'nly Throne;  
How oft my Sire has sent his *Hermes* down  
To Earth, for Love, by antient Bards is shown.  
Now for my lov'd *Tigellius*' Sake I come,  
To make his House of Vice a sacred Dome,  
To *Venus*' Rites, where all the *British* Fair  
Renown'd for Wit or Beauty shall repair,  
And Prudes themselves pay their Devotion there.

EXTENDED long and wide the Walls must be,  
Stor'd with the Gifts of *Nysa*'s Deity;  
*Ceres*, *Pomona* too, must their's bestow,  
From those the most enliv'ning Raptures flow.  
With od'rous Spices let the Boards be crown'd,  
And Meats for height'ning Extasy renown'd.  
On *Hermes*' Altar there let Dice be laid,  
Here Instruments invoke *Apollo*'s Aid,  
Wine, Play, or Musick wins the coyest  
Maid.

But each of these the *Paphian* Rites improve,  
They all assist the Deities of Love.  
With fragrant Tapers let this Temple flame,  
But not till *Sol* descends the Feast proclaim;

18      *The Temple of Venus.*

He shines on all Things with too clear a Ray,  
And *Venus*' Rites forbid the prying Day :  
When paler *Phæbe*, veil'd with sable Night,  
Like a coy Virgin gives a feebl' Light,  
Securely then her Mysteries are shown,  
Sinners and Saints alike her Godhead own,  
And Atheists bow who worship Her alone. }

*The End of the Third CANTO.*



T H E



T H E

# Temple of VENUS.

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## CANTO IV.

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WHEN Wits to *Button's*, Beaus  
to *White's* resort,  
Soldiers and Lords to pay De-  
voirs at Court,  
When to buy Stock the cunning  
Few repairs,  
And antient Ladies to *St. James's* Pray'rs;  
'Twixt Hope and Fear *Tigellius* then awoke,  
And thus himself in foreign Words bespoke.—

WHAT



WHAT means this Vision hov'ring o'er my  
Head,

By Champaign's, sprightly Juice, or Bourdear  
bred?

Yet sure, ascending upwards to the Skies,  
I saw an Heav'nly Object hence arise:  
Fresh in my Mind her sacred Words I bear  
(And Gods by Visions oft their Will declare)  
To raise this Temple to the *Cyprian* Fair,  
By Aid from *Nevius* fought I much despair;  
Mortal or God none values he or fears,  
Himself the Deity which he reveres:  
How then can I who yet indebted stand,  
Hope He will hearken to this great Command,  
By Me deliver'd? No, He'll ne'er obey,  
But to the Winds my fruitless Words convey;  
So Rites unpaid to Love's Divinity,  
Shall bring down Vengeance on my Race and  
me;

Or to neglect is dangerous, or pursue,  
From this, will Ruin; that, Revenge ensue.

THUS oft *Tigellius* in his Mind revolv'd,  
Now this imagin'd, and now that resolv'd;  
As ling'ring Travellers by Night o'erta'en,  
On some black Mountain, or a Desert Plain,  
Fearful of Dangers, doubtful of their Way,  
To move not daring, yet afraid to stay,

To



*The Temple of Venus.* 21

To Guardian Deities prefer their Pray'rs,  
Who guide their wand'ring Steps, and ease their  
Cares:

So He to *Hermes*, whom his Tribe adore,  
(Gamesters and Pimps from him derive their  
Pow'r)

Did thus prefer his Pray'r, and thus his Aid  
implore.

O God! from *Jove* and beauteous *Maija*  
sprung,

Ever assisting to the Fair and young.

A constant Fav'rer of the *Paphian* Throne,

Who turn'd a *Sofia* for the Cause I own;

If e'er an Affignation I procur'd,

Or to his Grace the *Abigail* allur'd,

Amus'd Sir *Thomas* with a tedious Game,

Whilst Lady *W*—y fann'd her Lover's Flame;

If e'er by Operas I sought to please

Thy Vot'ries — Now descend, my Griefs  
t' appease.

THUS pray'd the Suppliant—Him *Cyllenius*  
hears,

And in *Tigellius*' horrid Form appears;

Meagre his Looks, his Eye-balls sunk below,

A large projecting Front, and gloomy Brow,

With shuffling Gate, he enter'd his Abode,

And in a Taylor's Mien conceal'd a God.

SCAR'D

SCAR'D at the Sight, cold Horror chill'd his  
 Veins,  
 And scarce from Flying he his Steps refrains ;  
 As when by Moon-light, wand'ring o'er the  
 Glade,  
 The Hind is frighted at his doubtful Shade.

To Him the God——What means *Tigellius'*  
 Fear?

In your own Form, See, *Maija's* Son is here.  
 Observe each Feature, every Limb explore,  
 You'll find me all your self, no Mark of  
 heav'nly Pow'r.

As from *Enceladus*, in Fleaks of Smoak,  
 Thro' *Ætna's* Caverns, gloomy Accents broke ;  
 So from *Tigellius* Mouth in Fumes arise,  
 Such nit'rous Vapours, tending to the Skies ;  
 With Fires as raging too, his Bosom glows,  
 While tacit to the God his Grief he shows,

Thus *Mercury*——Now cease your anxious  
 Care,

Nor look more horrible, by black Despair ;  
*Venus* Commands, and all your Fears I know,  
 For late I met her on *Olympus'* Brow.  
 Near the great Entrance of the bless'd Abodes,  
 Which leads to heav'nly Mansions of the  
 Gods,

She

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She told me, smiling, of a sacred Dome  
Where *British* Nymphs and Swains should Sup-  
pliants come ;

Nor come in vain, for thither should repair,  
The Young, the Gay, the Witty, and the Fair :  
With eager Haste I left the *Cyprian* Dame,  
To raise for you, my Son, immortal Fame ;  
You, my chief Fav'rite of the Pimping Train,  
Shall have the Glory of this darling Fane ;  
To Earth I came, and summon'd to my  
Aid,

Each useful Artist of the Building Trade,  
And *Nevius* too amongst the rest obey'd.  
Your Form to Them, my Own to him appears,  
And he becomes religious by his Fears.

PLEAS'D with the Change, I bid him straight  
repair,  
With utmost Beauty, Ornament, and Care,  
The wond'rous Pile, his own bright Fancy  
rais'd ;

For which his Building Genius much is prais'd.  
Now are his Workmen busied in their Toil,  
Like active Bees in *Hybla's* flow'ry Soil ;  
One shapes the Fir, another moves a Scene,  
A third on Canvass paints the *Cyprian* Queen :  
These hide the Failings of the knotty Board,  
With the bright Gifts which *Ophir's* Realms  
afford.

Here Beaus and Belles by Affignation meet,  
To shew new Cloaths, and former Vows re-  
peat.

Soon



24      *The Temple of Venus.*

Soon you shall see th' Opera's spacious Round,  
(For beauteous Nymphs and shining Stars re-  
nown'd)

At my Command their wonted Use resign,  
And Seats of Monarchs made Boufets for  
Wine:

Where the grim Lyonsess *Hydaspes* sought,  
Shall Fights less dire, more natural, be fought.

Where *P——d's Marguaretta* tun'd her Throat  
Shall Love be whisper'd in a softer Note:

Where *Latian* Nymphs compos'd a tuneful  
Choir,

With Swains that e'en to Female Arts aspire,  
Youths capable of Bliss shall fan their am'rous  
Fire.

*The End of the Fourth CANTO.*



T H E



**T H E**  
*Temple of VENUS.*

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**C A N T O V.**

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W A S now the Hour when busy  
States-men dine,  
And drown their Cares and Po-  
liticks in Wine;  
When Ladies for the Theatre  
prepare,  
And stroling Damsels take St. James's Air.

*Sempronia*, then reviv'd by sweet Repose,  
Which *Venus* gave, from pleasing Slumbers  
rose;

26      *The Temple of Venus.*

The dear Remembrance of the Visions past,  
Increas'd her Appetite those Joys to taste.

FULL in her View the blooming Youth  
appears,

Now Joy occasions, now produces Tears;  
Th' imagin'd Scenes still in her Fancy move,  
And make her Bosom feel the Pangs of Love;  
When thus to her *Ceramia*—Oh! what Bliss,  
What Extacy imagin'd Pleasure is?  
Methought last Night—But oh! what Words  
can tell,

The pleasing Transports that in Fancy dwell?  
Fancy! sole Giver of untainted Joy,  
Whose Pleasures never cease, or ever cloy;  
By thee supported, Poets starve on Fame,  
Heroes resign their Safety for a Name,  
And Lovers still survive amidst surrounding  
Flame.

SHE spoke — and lo! *Tigellius'* Form ap-  
pear'd,

And told her what before in Dreams she heard;  
Told what the Goddess and the God had  
said,  
Describ'd the Temple finish'd by their Aid,  
Vowing she should be blest as when a Maid.

E'EN



E'EN now (said he) that monstrous Nymph  
who flies,  
O'er Earth and Seas, reporting Truth and  
Lies,  
Has summon'd *Venus*' Vor'ries to her Dome,  
Who all most willingly prepare to come,  
In Robes of various Shape, and various Hue,  
'The *Tyrian* Scarlet, and the Azure blue;  
With all the Colours which the Sky displays,  
When her arch'd Bow is deck'd by *Phæbu*,  
Rays.

HE spoke, and more her am'rous Soul to  
move,  
Convey'd the Matron to the House of Love;  
Where see the Young and Old promiscuous  
join!  
In gay Attire the wrinkled Matrons shine.  
See old *Canidia* seize the sprightly Boy,  
And lure the Stripling to her aukward Joy;  
Aukward indeed, for she in vain must strive  
To act those Pleasures, scarcely half alive.  
Next view old *Martius Cantilena* press,  
While tempting Int'rest bids the Songstress  
blefs;  
There the fair *Syren* gets of him the Field,  
Of him who never knew before to yield.

282      *The Temple of Venus.*

Then see *Horellio*, batter'd Beau, appear,  
Young in the Spring, declining with the Year,  
Of Joys so eager, Fopling liv'd so fast,  
Neglect of Youth made him grow old in  
Haste;

There see him, mask'd, the young *Belinda*  
sue,  
One who for Transports long'd, but never  
knew,

Too easy, she her whole Possession gives,  
And from that Moment dies, e'en while she  
lives;

Thus she a Minute's hasty Joy to gain,  
Brings on herself an after Life of Pain.

OLD *Chremes* comes, his Head a Plume  
adores,  
Tho' some say better fitted for the Horns;  
Behold him there the Orange Wench address,  
She, cunning, praises all his Air of Dress.  
He, snar'd with Flatt'ry, takes her to his  
Arms,  
Her Art obliges, while his Pocket charms.

SIR *Plume* comes tripping, and adores his  
Wife,  
And swears she's made to bless a Man for  
Life;

A cruel

*The Temple of Venus.* 29

A cruel Husband he must surely be,  
Who cannot tell to set a Price on Thee;  
A while they talk'd, at last, by slow Degrees  
Cuckold each other, and each other please.

THESE am'rous Sights *Sempronia's* Longing  
raise,  
Her Round She took, ending in *Cupid's*  
Praise.





A civil husband he must surely be,  
 Who cannot tell to let a Price on Vice;  
 A while they talk, & at last, by slow Degrees  
 Check'd each other's other pleasures.



These are the things that Longing

Has found, she took, ending in Capia's  
 Fate.

